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The Times' Daily Short Story.

BLUE EYED JOE EGGLESTON

(Original.)

"Who's that slender, blue eyed, tenderfoot looking fellow over there?" inquired a passenger of the stage driver during a change of horses, pointing to a man standing in the door of the express office.

"That? That's Joe Eggleston. He ain't so meek as he looks. Just ye get up alongside of me on the box for the next relay, and I'll tell you somethin' about him."

In a few minutes the driver got the reins in between his fingers, the man holding the leaders let go and they lunged away down the road.

"Waal, as to Joe Eggleston," said the driver when the pace had settled down. "I always thought Joe a quiet, inoffensive chap with no great spunk till his affair with Jennie Robbins. Jennie's people were poor enough to eat gopher meat, and as Jennie was as purty as a picture and had all the men in the neighborhood in love with her they wanted her to make a good match. Jennie was only fourteen at the time they set their hearts on her marryin' Phil Steere, a big cattleman, but she had all the monkey shines of a woman of twenty. She wasn't havin' much of a time when Steere asked for her, so she didn't object, thinkin' that with his money she might make things hum. He was forty, crossgrained and mean as sawdust."

"She hadn't much more'n said 'yes' when along comes Joe Eggleston, nineteen years old and as fair lookin' for a man as Jennie was for a gal. The men didn't think much of him. He seemed a timid sort of a feller and most of the time didn't even carry a gun. He was a clerk in the express office, and a man that dabbles in ink isn't generally much good for blood. But the women all seemed to cotton to him. He had a way of lookin' at 'em out of them blue eyes of his'n. At any rate him and Jennie jist went together like two magnets. Joe knewed that she was laid out for Steere, but that didn't keep him from bein' about with her a bull lot."

"One day Joe sez to her, sez he, 'Jennie, there's goin' to be a weddin' down at the City hotel in Park City. Park City was a relay station for the stage line, and, as to parks, they was on the maps of the town that was to be. 'What d'ye say,' sez Joe, 'to us goin'?' After the pair got hitched there's to be a dance."

"I'll go with ye, Joe," she sez, 'but if Mr. Steere finds it out he'll put holes enough in yer body to make a calendar of ye. Have ye got a gun?'"

"There's plenty of guns in the office," sez Joe. "I'll take a couple along in case Mr. Steere gets on to us."

"They lit out after dark, but, as bad luck would have it, one of Steere's cow-

boys saw 'em and went off to tell the big cattleman that his little bird had flown. Steere was kind of paralyzed at first, but the more he thought about a meanly clerk takin' his gal away from him the madder he got. He mounted the fastest horse he could find and dug out in the direction Joe and Jennie had started. He followed 'em all right enough till he came to where the road forked; then he took the wrong fork. This is why they got to Park City long before him. If they was goin' to get married, they'd 'a' had time enough for a dozen hitchins before he come up, but Joe hadn't no money to support a wife. They was jist follerin' the instincts of two children of nature. It beats anything the way sich will run their heads into a noose jist for a little fun!

"Waal, the weddin' was over, and the guests was all a-singin' a lively leg in the dinin' room, the tables bein' piled up agin the wall. A fiddler stood on a bar'l scarpin' away and callin' 'Ladies change!' 'Alman left!' and all that. Joe was a-singin' Jennie in 'turn corners' when all of a sudden Steere rode up to the open door and begun to pump lead into the room. The change that come over that dance was remarkable. There was a screamin' of women and a swearin' of men, though none of the men raised a gun, for they never supposed Steere would be shootin' that a-way unless he was backed by a dozen or more of his cowboys back in the dark holdin' the drop on the crowd."

"Then was when Joe showed up. Catchin' sight of Steere outside and knowin' well what was up, he drawed with his left hand, for Steere had winged his right, and begun shootin', movin' for'ard at the same time. Jennie she got out his other weapon, and as soon as he had emptied the first handed it to him, and he kept on pumpin'."

"One of Joe's shots knocked the big cattleman off'n his horse. Then one of the men said to Joe, 'Ye little fool, git out of this while ye have a chance.' Some on 'em hurtled Joe and Jennie out a back door, and they made tracks for home, leavin' Steere to be carried upstairs to a room, where he lay for a month not knowin' whether he was a-goin' to turn up his toes permanent or not."

"Meanwhile some of the people told him if he ever shot into a dance agin they'd give him a chance to dance himself where the grass was too short. The express company, hearin' about the incident, put Joe in charge of their treasure in transportation, givin' him a big salary, and he married Jennie six months after they went to the weddin' at Park City. Since then Joe has twice saved a train from robbery and been loaded down with rewards."

"No, sir, ye can't always tell about a man's pluck from his appearance. Joe Eggleston is one of them mild eyed fellers that ye want to steer clear of. But nobody knowed it till he turned on Phil Steere."

VICTOR S. BERNARD.

AN OPTIMIST OF EIGHTY

Rev. Robert Collyer Says the World Is Growing Better.

THE WORK OF WOMEN PRAISED.

Unitarian Minister on His Eightieth Anniversary Declares Their Activity Is One of the Great Indications of Advance—He Recalls Early Incidents of His Life and Gives a Recipe For Longevity.

Like the famous Countess of Desmond, whose case he gayly quoted, who "lived to be 110 and died from a fall from a cherry tree then," the Rev. Robert Collyer of New York, who rounded out his fourscore years the other day, believes the mere passage of time does not make age, says the New York Herald.

"I have never been sick a day in my life," said Dr. Collyer, "and I have never even eaten my breakfast in bed. What is my recipe for longevity? Live a natural life, eat what you want and walk on the sunny side of the street."

To this the famous preacher has added two instances of self denial, which he holds largely responsible for his perfect physical condition—he did not even smoke until he was forty and did not drink at all in youth, though he permits himself an occasional glass of wine now.

With evidences of love and remembrance on every side, Dr. Collyer, whose retirement from active duty in the Church of the Messiah, of which he will be pastor emeritus, is coincident with his eightieth birthday, grew reminiscent. For twenty-four years he has filled the pulpit, and for ten he has had the assistance of the Rev. Minot J. Savage.

"My birth," said Dr. Collyer, with a twinkle in his keen and kindly gray eyes, "which took place in England on Dec. 8, 1823, has always seemed to me a sort of geographical mistake, for when I reached America I immediately seemed to fit. I have never seen the day I wanted to go back, except to visit, of course. I have crossed seven times for that purpose."

"My grandfather, who was a sailor with Nelson, is the earliest ancestor we have any record of. Mother's father was also a sailor, named Thomas Norman, so I can claim Norman blood, you see"—again the twinkle. "He was drowned, and his children, my mother among them, were placed in an asylum in Norwich. When I was a little lad I worked for seven years in the factory of our village, then at the forge."

"Before I became a Methodist preacher—oh, yes, I was a Methodist to begin with"—and he broke into broadest Yorkshire dialect to quote the honest countryman who had helped him on by "making a spare rail" of him—that is, putting him in here and there where there was a pulpit to fill.

Mr. Collyer told of his leaving the Methodist church and his call as a Unitarian minister to Philadelphia, then to Chicago and lastly to New York city in 1870. He told of the wide experience of his eighty years, and then the clergyman said:

"Do I think people are less interested in religion? No; a thousand times no. They are thinking out the meaning of religion as they never have before. I have seen great changes. Yes; it is an evolution. People do go to church today, and they go because they want to, not because they are driven, as they were formerly."

"Woman's activity is one of the great indications of advance. She is helping herself and man at the same time. The church is to be greatly helped through her endeavors. Women will preach too. They do now sometimes, but they don't get outside of themselves enough for the most part. Mrs. Livermore did, and she was a successful preacher. I have always believed in woman's rights. Lucretia Mott was a great friend of mine."

"I have no patience with the talk that the world is growing worse. I won't discuss it. It is getting better all the time. 'God's in his heaven; all's right with the world.' If it wasn't so it would mean that God had given over the world to evil, and it would hardly have been worth while for him to have made it. No; in every department of life God's plan is being worked out, and men and women are growing better."

The approach of Christmas carried the distinguished clergyman back to his boyhood, when oatmeal porridge and skimmilk made the morning and evening meal, and Saturday night's tub was a fearsome ceremony by reason of the quantities of yellow soap that found their way into youthful eyes. Then the \$4.75 a week of the paternal Collyer was the sole income of the family, and the holiday time would have proved a slim affair for the children but for the yule loaf and pudding prepared by the mother. As he described the singing of the carols and the turning of the yule log Mr. Collyer wondered if in the Christmas celebrated in the churches and observed with so much ceremony we had not lost something of the genuine enjoyment of the day spent in the home.

A breakfast coffee cake made in the shape of "80" was one of the birthday gifts. One cake came all the way from England, and roses and violets in profusion greeted the fine old man on his anniversary.

Burial Plot For a Woman's Dogs.

Mrs. William E. Chisholm, a widow of College Point, N. Y., has set aside a plot on her estate for the burial of her dogs, says the Rochester Union and Advertiser. Mrs. Chisholm's son-in-law is a stepbrother of the present Duke of Marlborough.

CHRISTIANSIENCEIN WHIST

How "Absent Treatment" Is Said to Have Won a Match Game.

"Absent treatment," given by a Christian Scientist, is what caused the Newark Bay Boat club whist four of Bayonne, N. J., to win from the Forrest Hill team a few evenings ago by the unusual score of 22 to 8, according to the one who administered the treatment, Mrs. Julia Goldzier of Bayonne. Mrs. Goldzier is an enthusiastic follower of Christian Science, says the New York Herald.

When it was announced that it was because of Mrs. Goldzier's "absent treatment" that the Forrest Hills went down and out at the hands of the Bayonne team, whom they had previously defeated, there was a sensation among Bayonne whist players. On the Newark Bay team are Frederick Seeman, Joseph Thomas, George Christie and Harry Elsworth. A few days before that set for the whist match Mrs. Goldzier called upon Mrs. Alexander Christie. The latter told Mrs. Goldzier of her fears that the Forrest Hills were going to win from the Bayonne four. Mrs. Goldzier became interested and was anxious to have the local four win.

"If you will write the names of the Bayonne team, I will assure you they will win," said Mrs. Goldzier. Mrs. Christie was surprised, but did as requested. Mrs. Goldzier informed Mrs. Christie that she felt certain Christian Science would win even in whist games. Mrs. Goldzier, when asked regarding her connection with the victory of the Newark Bay team, said:

"The players were treated by me in Christian Science. To do this a Scientist must realize that matter has no real existence, that existence is but mental. Mind is all and has all power. In this case an important fact was that the players whom I treated were aware I was treating them. The night the contest took place I commenced the treatment at a quarter to 8 o'clock. I had an engagement at 8 and had to stop. Had I only had more time to devote to the treatment I know the score would have been 30 to 0 in favor of the Newark Bay team. It is to be regretted that the Newark Bay team were defeated in their game with the Cosmopolitans in New York for the Metropolitan trophy. I treated them at that time and for a longer period, but they were not cognizant of it. Had they been I believe they would have won. They were opposed mentally."

"To one who does not understand Christian Science it is difficult to explain this treatment. I called up a picture in my mind's eye of each player on the Bayonne team and repeated his name twice. Light then came, and I knew the team would win."

A SCHOOL WITHOUT PUPILS

How a Teacher in an Ohio Township Regularly Attends to Her Duties.

Miss Sarah Scott, teacher of the country school in Franklin township, O., has a model school, and she is free from the cares and trials of the ordinary teacher, says the Toledo News-Bee. She is a teacher, school and all. She walks two miles each morning, rings the school bell at the regular time of convening, observes recess and noon lunch hour and dismisses school at 4 o'clock. But she has not a single pupil.

When she was appointed last August it was expected that some children in the district would be sent to school. However, all the young folk were qualified for the district high school, and so Miss Scott has none to teach. Being under contract, the directors told her to observe the regular school rules, and this she does. Regularly each day she reads from the first primer and does a problem or two from the arithmetic. When this is finished she has time for sewing and reading.

Sample of Edward VII's Repartee.

M. A. P. tells a new story on King Edward. It occurred during the recent visit to London of President and Mme. Loubet. His majesty escorted Mme. Loubet to dinner. She was noticeably nervous, but succeeded in asking about Queen Alexandra's health and the general welfare of the king's children. Mme. Loubet finally asked, "And what will your majesty make of your son?" "I hope to make him king of England some day," replied the king. And, despite her nervousness, the good lady could not but laugh at the quick answer.

Students Must Not Be Socialists.

Topeka, Kan., Dec. 14.—The faculty of Washburn college has ordered that the Socialist club of the college discontinue its meetings. It is said to be the result of letters received from financial supporters of the college saying they would withdraw aid unless the club was suppressed.

New Postmasters Appointed.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The following fourth class postmasters have been appointed: New York—West Caton, Louis Barnard.

Pennsylvania—Lowell, George A. Fisher; Rector, E. B. Aukney.

Russia's Reply to Japan.

Tokyo, Dec. 14.—Russia's reply has been received. The Russian minister has informed Premier Katsura that Russia entertains Japan's proposals, probably with modifications.

Belgian Glass Trust.

London, Dec. 14.—A dispatch to a news agency from Brussels says that at a meeting of glass manufacturers held there it was decided to form a Belgian glass trust.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.



Another club woman, Mrs. Haule, of Edgerton, Wis., tells how she was cured of irregularities and uterine trouble, terrible pains and backache, by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—A while ago my health began to fail because of female troubles. The doctor did not help me. I remembered that my mother had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on many occasions for irregularities and uterine troubles, and I felt sure that it could not harm me at any rate to give it a trial."

"I was certainly glad to find that within a week I felt much better, the terrible pains in the back and side were beginning to cease, and at the time of menstruation I did not have nearly as serious a time as heretofore, so I continued its use for two months, and at the end of that time I was like a new woman. I really have never felt better in my life, have not had a sick headache since, and weigh 30 pounds more than I ever did, so I unhesitatingly recommend your medicine."—MRS. MAY HAULE, Edgerton, Wis., Pres. Household Economics Club. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Messenger Boy's Novel Errand.

A messenger boy was recently instructed to meet a pet donkey at Charing Cross, lead it across London and dispatch it from Euston.

Mayoral Curiosity.

The only three men who have been elected three times to the mayoralty of Birmingham, England, married three sisters.

European Turkey.

The Turks are but one-sixth of the population of European Turkey.

SHINY PISTOLS FOR POLICE.

Why a Kansas Captain Would Have Officers Carry No Other Kind.

"If I were arming a police department," said Police Captain Weber of Kansas City the other day to a reporter of the Kansas City Times, "no man on the force would be allowed to carry a pistol with a blue steel barrel. I would see that every officer's weapon was nickel plated and was kept just as bright and shiny as it could be made. Why would I have only shiny pistols? Why, for the moral suggestion they convey. There is something terror inspiring about the glint of light on a highly polished pistol barrel that is entirely missing in the appearance of a blue steel barrel."

"Many a criminal resists when placed under arrest and threatened with a dull colored revolver who would have capitulated immediately had the officer's pistol been brightly polished. That is the case even when the weapon is merely held in the hand ready for use; but a shiny pistol barrel, to a man who is looking into it, appears three times as big as a blue steel pistol barrel of the same caliber."

The Guillotine in Sweden.

Who would have supposed during the reign of terror that a day would come when the guillotine would be used for a laudable purpose? Yet this recently happened in Sweden, for the guillotine has been erected in the market place at Gothenburg, where it is used daily for the purpose of decapitating chickens, ducks and other domestic animals, says the Golden Penny. The local Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is responsible for this novel step. Animals, it claims, may legitimately be used as food, but there is no reason why they should suffer while dying, and the surest way to avoid such suffering is to employ a guillotine as an instrument of death.

Our Ships to Be Shifted.

Washington, Dec. 14.—In accordance with the recommendation of Rear Admiral Henry C. Taylor, chief of the bureau of navigation, the European squadron after the close of the winter maneuvers in the Caribbean sea will be assigned to the south Atlantic station, the south Atlantic squadron to the Caribbean station and the Caribbean squadron to the European station, thus giving the officers and men a change of scene and duties.

Icebergs.

Icebergs in the arctic regions are neither so large nor so numerous as those seen in the antarctic seas, but they are usually loftier and more beautiful, with spires and domes. When the sun shines on them they look like a fairy city.

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PHOTOGRAPHS

Don't delay your sittings for Holiday Photographs. Now is the time if you want them for Christmas.

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